

## Absque Vita Tali, Verbum Quoad Litteram Est Mortuum

Outside, rain and the un-warm wind of December, with no Sun - no Summer - to warm and bring that joy of wakeing to see the sky deep full of blue so that one smiling is eager still, as youth again, to egress forth toward the sea.

Now I in a rainy month - and approaching my three score and ten - possess both an internal and an external knowing of just what the passing of earthly Time doth to we fragile biological beings, for:

I am an old man,  
A dull head among windy spaces

And yet the flow of Life flows on, here - there - when the outer husk, failing, dies, so that I reminded of what I pastly wrote to a friend, having now been so gifted with the gifts of one more solar year:

What, therefore, remains? What is there now, and what has there been? One genesis, and one ending, of one nexion whose perception by almost all others is now of one who lived and who wrote *ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων*.

τό θ' ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς στείχει, παιδὸς δ' οὐδὲν ἄρείων ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει. [1]

For there does seem much worth now, a special new species of slowly-joy, to so and so shadowly wander, supported by a stick, since Time itself, unmeasured, stills and one is able to feel the numinous as if flows through, with, such presencings of Life as one meets, greets, passes. As when that other day I walked to wander - never now far from home - and that young unknown stocky man, girlfriend beside and smiling, bade me compliments of the season. Such life there, such potential there, in both, and one was glad to be alive, still, even if no Sun broke forth in warmth. Or glad as when in slow walk in woods nearby wind shook trees to breathe again one's wordless connexion with this living Earth, so strong so strong it became as if one could go back there to where one's loved ones lived, unbroken by such selfish deeds as might have saved them or at least made happier their so short time on Earth. And I was so happy, so happy there remembering those good times, shared, with them.

There has thus grown, within because of age, both a new knowing of how needful is our need for compassion and of a new if sad perception: of just how many many centuries we forgetful biological beings may need. But all I can do now is walk, remembering, hoping: my words, my dreams, a bridge.

For I am no enigma, my life bared by writings such as this. For words live on to tell just one more story, of redemption. But who will read them when life lives within this husk no more?

David Myatt  
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My translation of the title is: "Without such living, the Logos as words is lifeless," and is taken from *Arcana Coelestia* by Emanuel Swedenborg, although it is usually translated as something such as: "Without such life the Word as regards the letter is dead."

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[1] Thus, he of great Age, his foliage drying up  
And no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels,  
Wanders - appearing a shadow in the light of day.

Aeschylus. Agamemnon, 79-82

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Source:

Some Meditations on Extremism  
<https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2016/01/meditations-on-extremism.pdf>